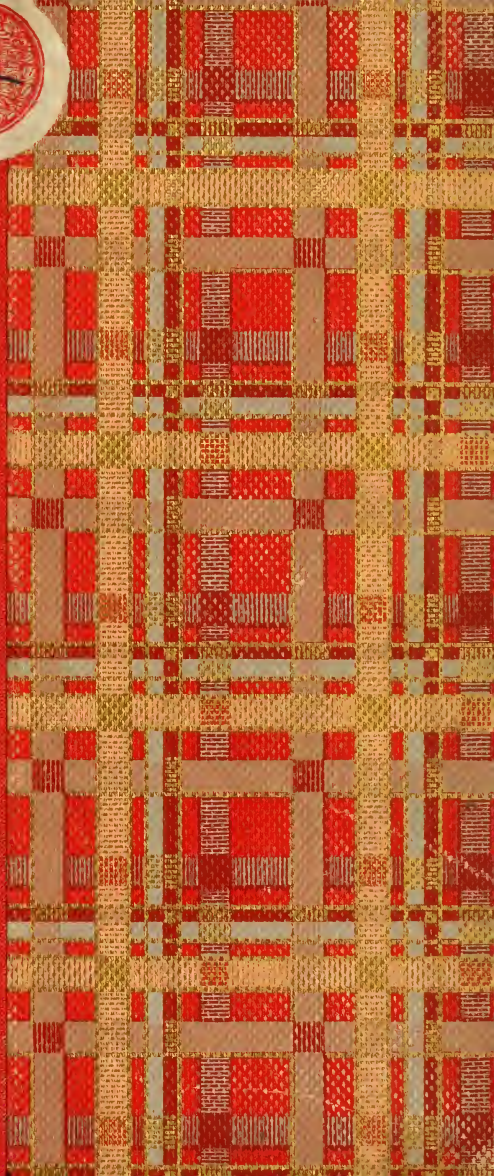


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THE
VERSES
HOLY
WRIT



By
FRANK CHAFFEE



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IDLE VÈRSES

IDLY WRIT.

BY

FRANK CHAFFEE.



NEW YORK
GEO. M. ALLEN & CO.
94 FIFTH AVENUE

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By Geo. M. Allen & Co.

*Verses writ in idle moment,
Airiest of airy rhyme,
Just the ammunition spend
By a fellow killing time.*

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MY NEIGHBOR

“Love your neighbor as yourself,”

’Tis so the prayer-book teaches,
But far beyond the prayer-book rule
My longing heart outreaches.

So far above all other fair,
My neighbor she outreaches,
To make her mine I study hard
At every wile Love teaches.

If she were but a prayerful maid,
And did what prayer-book teaches,
My life such rapture then would know
As not e’en heaven outreaches.

THE WAY O' THE WORLD.

There was a laddie loved a lass,
Said she, " I'll none of you,"
And the laddie sorrowed sadly
For he thought her word was true ;

'Till the lassie said, " Oh laddie
No lass first speaks her mind,
For we are made of many moods,
You'll to your sorrow find ;

Just come along to-morrow, lad,
And see what I will say,
Perhaps my answer then may be
A yes instead of nay—"

And so he came again and wooed,
 Begged her to be his bride ;
The lass of course consented
 And the nuptial knot was tied.

Not many moon's had passed o'er them
 E'er the luckless lad did find,
Far luckier had he been indeed,
 Had the lass ne'er changed her mind.

THE GOLDEN ROD MAID

A maid with golden rod in her hair,
While my heart at her feet is lying,
The year, so fair in the Autumn air,
I forget that its days are dying.

On her breast a knot of the golden flower,
And I, for her love a'sighing,
I would that my heart was for but an hour
Next her heart, so gladly dying.

EDITH'S GUITAR

By the soft caress of her fingers fair
She wakens the strings unto music rare ;
Sweet as the waves by the zephyrs kissed,
It follows the turn of her snowy wrist.

In the rosewood case that is dusk with age
Sleep haunting notes, that might charm a sage ;
And I envy the ribbon of dainty blue,
That holds it close to her heart so true.

Great slumberous eyes hath my lady fair,
And a forehead white under midnight hair ;
Hath a beautiful damsel of sunny Spain,
From the olden days, come back again ?

Ah, no ! 'Tis a jewel of greater worth,
This peerless product of all the earth ;
Fair as a flower, a gem, a star,
This girl of my heart, with the light guitar.

AMOR.

Dainty Cupid rambles,
Well sunburned and hale,
With his bow and arrows
O'er hill and dale.

Finds a guileless maiden
Up among the hills,
Sends an arrow whistling,
Her heart strange rapture fills.

Then away to seaside,
There a dashing youth,
'Neath his waistcoat feels a pang—
Cupid's dart in truth.

Oh, the cunning mischief,
Causing many a strife ;
Yet bringing to us sometime
The brightest joy of life.

Frown we at his naughty wiles,
Love him all the same,
Long life to dainty Cupid,
Successful be his game.

MISERÉRE

The sea is cold, and the sky is drear,
And the clouds in the wind are scurrying,
On the waves chill breast lifted o'er foamy crest,
A boat to its doom is hurrying.

The clear sky smiles o'er the waters blue,
And the gulls at their sport are flying,
But the boat is gone, and the waves make moan
O'er a form on the grey sand lying.

MEMORIES

O'er summer sand,
O'er summer sea,
Blows the light wind glad and free,
Of other days,
And other ways,
Memories sweet it wafts to me.

Oh ! days so sweet,
On time's winged feet,
Ye flew so quickly past recall,
I now but dream,
Of days that seem
The only days I've lived at all.

AU REVOIR

Glad summer time is waning—
The golden rod is here,
And purple asters springing
Fringe roadside far and near.

The distant hills gleam nearer,
Seen through the clearing air,
The fruit trees' ripening clusters
Hang rich in the sunshine fair.

The song of the farmer, reaping,
The fall of the golden grain,
And birds making ready for flitting
Away to the South again.

And soon the autumn breezes
Will send down the leaves in showers,
Then farewell 'till another summer
To sunshine and birds and flowers.

STRAYING

A tiny maid with shepherd's crook,
In Arcadee a'maying;
Cupid met, eyes full of tears,
His dimpled feet a'straying.

"I fear me much I've lost my way,"
He cries in deepest grief;
"My feet are torn, my heart is sad,
I pray you lend relief."

And so the maid binds up his feet
In leaves of healing balm :
She led him safely through the wood,
And soothed his sad alarm.

Then bid they each a sweet farewell,
When what does Cupid do
But draw an arrow in his bow
And pierce the maid's heart through.

Alas, sweet maid, in Arcadee
No more you go a'maying,
But sadly wander far and near,
To seek your love a'straying.

KATRINE

I long for a day

That will come, Katrine,
When the sky will be blue
And the grass so green,
And everywhere flowers
a'springing.

When that day shall come,

That glad day, Katrine,
I'll tell you, my love ;
And you'll listen, I ween,
To the song that my heart is
a'singing.

Then your fair hand in mine

I will clasp, Katrine,

To have and to hold

For alway, Katrine,

While the bells for us sweet are
a'ringing.

BON APPETIT

“Bon appetit,” she laughing cried,
And deftly laid the dishes.
I looked, the fairest dish of all,
Was laden well with kisses.

“Bon appetit,” again she cried,
This charmingest of misses ;
And then upheld her rosy lips,
Most dainty dish of kisses.

“Bon appetit,” oh ! sweetest maid,
Thus grant my wildest wishes ;
What need to ask “bon appetit”
For this the dish of dishes.

THE DAISY CHAIN

A pretty maid weaving a daisy chain,
A gay little lover near ;
The sunbeams fall on the dainty twain,
And breezes blow soft and clear.

The gay little lover takes pretty maid's hand,
Each dimple to close with a kiss ;
The daisy chain round them its floral band,
Complete is their dream of bliss.

Then gayly away to Arcadee,
The land of eternal bloom,
Where love may live for a year and a day,
In the light of an ever new moon.

MARIONNE

With your eyes so heavenly blue
And your sweet smile kind and true,
Who could help pay tribute to you,
Sweet maid, Marionne.

Winsome, gracious Marionne,
All thy charming ways before me,
Make me live but to adore thee,
Sweet maid, Marionne.

Pure, unselfish Marionne,
Wise and goodly all thy ways,
Brightening our darkest days,
Sweet maid, Marionne.

Fairest maid, kind fate attend thee,
God his richest blessings send thee,
Heaven its brightness ever lend thee,
Sweet maid, Marionne.

MY ROSE

I gave a rose in blossomtime,
A rose of fragrant burden,
Unto a friend who cherished it,
As true love's royal guerdon.

He sailed away across the sea
This friend my heart so cherished,
He journeyed far for many a day,
Till love and rose had perished.

My love will come no more to me,
My rose again bloom never,
And still, both love and fragrant rose,
Will be my own forever.

DREAMS

In a great soft lounging chair
Dreams are mine, so blissful, fair,
By the dim light amber shaded,
Tenderest dreams are gently aided,
 Dreams of you.

And I puff great fragrant clouds,
Whose subtle, soothing, perfumed shroud,
Wraps my thoughts in slumb'rous measure,
Bringing dreams of dearest pleasure,
 Dreams of you.

Through the smoke of cigarette
Shine your dark eyes tear drop wet,
As when last you left me sadly,
Till I wish, alas ! so madly
 Dreams were real.

Thus I dream away the hour,
Picturing the passion flower
Rioting in purple gladness,
Do its drowsing fumes bring sadness
 To your dreams?

And I wonder if you're swinging,
Tropic flowers about you springing,
In your hammock 'neath the trees
While the winds waft o'er blue seas,
 Thoughts of me.

I dream from that far sunny land,
You come to me and lay your hand
Upon my head and whisper soft
In that dear voice I've heard so oft
 In dreams of you.

And your great eyes' mystic splendor
Glow about me, weirdly tender,

As I drowse in lounging chair
Broidered by your hands so fair,
 And dream of you.

Blissful dreams are gently aided.
By amber lamp so softly shaded,
While I think with longing, sadly,
How I'd clasp you rapturous, madly,
 Were dreams but real.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet from Fairyland,
Sits weaving garlands with skillful hand,
Each blossom pierced with Cupid's dart,
Alack-a-day is a lover's heart.

The peach blows petal dulls in compare
With the velvety glow on her cheek so fair,
And her hair with the gleam of the sun o' the morn
Is golden, and soft as the silk o' the corn.

The little lady is witty and wise,
She looks on the world through laughing eyes,
And she gathers the hearts with a sweet laugh low,
As the lovers come, then heart-reft go;

For little Miss Muffet is so fair to see,
That none may come nigh her, and go heart free.
'Tis the story old since the world began,
The candle and moth, the maid and the man.

KATY-DID

“Katy did,” from tree top high,
“Katy didn’t,” from hedgerow nigh,
What is the message you fain would tell,
With the “did” and the “didn’t,” you utter so well.

Oh! Katy you did, I am sure that you did,
Though you thought the darkness your naughtiness hid
But the talking insect that sits up aloft,
Saw you kiss Jack, and is telling it oft.

While his green-gowned mate in a neighboring tree,
Being perverse as her sex always be,
Insists that you “didn’t” kiss Jack at all,
And, “Katy didn’t,” she loudly does call.

“Katy did” ’tis truth I wot,
“Katy didn’t?” surely not,
Insect sing and mate sing back,
A straw I care not, *for I’m Jack.*

SLEEP

Poppies I bring in heaping measure,
Wreathed in garlands of golden sleep,
Flora's choicest treasure of treasure,
Mem'ries dear a'fresh to keep.

Drowsing petals o'er eyelids cast,
While fancy with magic finger
Touches to life the days that are past,
And mem'ries come and linger.

Why should we wake to pain and weeping,
When gently lulled by this flower blest ?
We may voyage fair o'er the sea of sleeping
Afar to the land of peace and rest.

IN AN AUTOGRAPH BOOK

I pray you friend make dear this book,

By writing here a line,

Some clever bit from other bard,

Or cleverer thought of thine,

Or if perchance your talent lies

With brush, instead of pen,

Then fix your fancy on my page,

To which I'll turn me when

Life's wheels turn round most drearily,

And I'd court pleasant thought.

Again, if you've no line to write,

No sketch in mind have brought,

At least you'll here inscribe your name,

Which, when my eye has caught,

'Twill gleam like strand of golden thread

In friendships's web fine wrought.

VIOLETTE

Oh ! maiden fair
With midnight hair
And eyes that my heart do fret,
Your name doth suit you Violette,
For none do you care,
With your indolent air,
My lady Violette.

Your satins and lace
And your flower-like face,
The patter of your feet upon the floor,
Think you, of the hearts that you adore?
Give one moment, sweet,
To the lover at your feet,
My lady Violette.

SPRING DAWN

The east is aglow with the light o' morn
That shows all the earth so fair,
'Tis the birth of the day and Spring's own dawn,
And sweetness is everywhere.

The only sound that is heard in the land
Is a bird its matins singing,
The flowering boughs on every hand
Are decked with dewdrops clinging.

A CALENDAR

The green grass springing, the birds a'singing,
The brooks set free, dash on in glee,
Sweet blossoms fair, scent all the air,
And Earth doth sing, 'Tis Spring.

The sun hangs high in bluest sky,
Afield is the rain of glittering grain,
The new mown hay in swathes doth lay,
In the perfumed heat of Summer sweet.

The leaden grey of the closing day,
The swirling leaves down dropped from the trees
And taken in trust by the eddyng gust,
Proclaiming all—'Tis Fall.

The hard bright light on the glittering white
Of the fields of snow in its ghostly glow,
And the whistling wind as it hurries to find
A place less drear—Winter's here.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

In days of old, tiny Love
Wore only bow and arrow,
But now he wears a suit of tweed
And patent leathers narrow.

In those good days, one died of love,
An arrow through the heart ;
But now a bargain's coolly made
In the matrimonial mart.

The passion too has sadly changed.
Of old, 'twas love of creature,
While now, alas, the love of gold,
Has grown Love's strongest feature.

HOPE

The rain doth fall,
The leaves go swirling earthward,
And the sky is dull and grey
O'er all.

The flowers are dead,
The brook hastes onward to the river,
Thence cold and dark flows to the sea,
Its bed.

Strong winds cold,
Blow o'er all the landscape,
The year near run its 'lotted space,
Is old.

But Spring vernal
Will come again through all the land,
Darkness to light will turn, and death to
Life eternal.

TANTALUS

Lips all hung with kisses,
Eyes of summer blue,
Hair of spun thread golden,
Heart most truly true.

Not for me the lips kiss laden,
Nor a glance from the eyes so blue,
No thought for my poor heart broken,
In her heart so truly true.

KATE

O bonny Kate, O winsome Kate,
 You wile my heart from me,
I tarry 'neath your lattice late
 To win one glance from thee.

And then O Kate, O fairest Kate,
 Cross curtain close there flits your shade,
And I with naught for tarrying late,
 Go home to dream of thee fair maid.

A ROSE IN A FLORIST'S WINDOW

Outside, the frost, and biting air,
The snow clouds blown by the icy wind,
Within, warm sheltered the blossom fair,
A great rose, in dewy leaves entwined.

Oh ! foolish rose, rest sweet in your nest,
Nor long for the snow through your window
gleaming,
'Twere death to you to lie on its breast,
Though it dance in the wind in innocent
seeming.

WITH A TEA CUP

I pray you fairest Phyllis
Accept this cup for tea,
And in its depths oh! may you drown
All woes Fate sends to thee.

And when from o'er its gilded rim
You sip the fragrant tea,
I pray you have one pleasant thought
Of him who gave it thee.

DIANE

She steps sedately,

This maid so stately,

A look intense and earnest on her face

Her bow and arrows slung to join the chase.

'Tis Diane tall and fair,

This maid most rare.

She steps sedately,

'Tis "good form" lately,

Her gown is silk and velvet trimmed with lace,

In slippers Louis Quinze she runs her pace.

'Tis Diane of to-day,

So changed her way.

BABY MARIAN

Dainty little Marian,
 Bluest eyes, and rosy lips,
How gaily does she run about,
 Amongst the clover tips.

See how the scented blossoms
 Pour out their perfume sweet,
And bend in happy sacrifice,
 Beneath the baby feet.

The daisies nod beside her,
 And the birds sing close at hand,
For not a baby fairer
 Dwells in blue birds' land.

Blessings little sweetheart,
 Upon your winsome ways,
May life for you be sunshine,
 And blossoms, all your days.

BIEN CHAUSSÉE

Sing I shoes of all the ages,
To charm the gods and win the sages.

Alas ! to work such havoc shocking,
A dainty shoe with glimpse of stocking.

Fair Hypatia's sandals slender,
Classic grace to footsteps lend her.

Béebée's tiny sabots clatter,
Keeping time with merry chatter,

Or Louis Quinze of modern flirt,
Peeping forth 'neath lace frilled skirt.

Hypatia, Béebée, Gretchen, all,
Mabel, Prudence, Diane tall.

Bien Chaussée in fashion's mart,
No comfort 'tis to heal the smart.

Sing I shoes of all the ages,
To charm the gods and win the sages.

And work the ruin of modern man,
As naught but shoes and stockings can.

DREAMING

In a hammock light and low,
Swung where breezes softly blow,
And the shadows come and go,

I lounge and dream away the hours,
Soothed by perfume of the flowers,
Showered from rose vines' arching bowers.

And my heart in fancy free
Wings its glad way unto thee,
O'er green land and rolling sea.

And I fain would follow fast,
To find with thee sweet rest at last
In some fair land, all sorrow past.

BLOSSOM TIME

Pink sweet rose,
Flower o' the vine,
Petals showering in fragrant rhyme,
With the bird's sweet notes of blossom time,
Glad sweet rose,
Flower o' the vine.

Mild soft zephyr,
Child o' the wind,
Messenger sweet from a warmer clime,
From land of jessamine and flowering lime,
Caressing zephyr,
Child o' the wind.

Come, sweet rose,
Come, zephyr mild,
The vine's fair flower,
And the south wind's child,
Come dance in the sunshine on green sward clear,
For summer and blossom time are here.

REQUIESCAT

Spring's but a memory dear,
 Summer was yesterday,
Autumn's sky above is clear,
 And Winter seems far away.

Youth's but a memory dear,
 Manhood was yesterday,
Old Age with its trembling fear
 Of Death still far away.

But the sky that was clear,
And the memory dear,
 And the Summer of yesterday—
Oh ! alas for them all,
For Death with its pall
 Brings Winter to them to-day.

LENTEN BELLS

The Lenten bells are calling,
From turret and from tower,
To step from out the hurry
And spend a quiet hour.

Their melody is stealing
Athwart the city's din
As the voice in mercy calling,
"Go pure, and no more sin."

A benediction bearing,
Like breath of evening prayer,
A soothing of our sorrow
And lightening of our care.

A mercy that is falling
Alike on rich and poor,
Alike for saint and sinner
It doth fore'er endure.

And through their music showering
Comes blessing full and free ;
Like hand on weary forehead,
It falls on thee and me.

ALL THE YEAR

“ In the Spring a young man’s fancy,”
So the sweetest poet sings,
Lightly turns to thought of loved one,
And nature all her joy bells rings.

Then the summer blooms, and sunshine
Floods the days of gladsome weather,
And by mountain and by seaside
Men and maids join hands together.

’Neath the fruit hung vine of autumn
Diane her true love doth find,
As the year creeps slowly homeward,
Leaving all but love behind,

Last, the winter, draped in frost work,
With the sky above so clear,
E’en the snow cannot chill Cupid,
And Love lives through all the year.

MABEL'S MUFF

Cupid, one cold winter's day,
Well punished by the icy blast
For all his sins in summer past,
Wandered shivering on his way.

"Alack!" he cried, in chattering tone,
"This cruel Boreas has me fast;
'Tis too much pain for sins all past,
Sure I must die here all alone."

Hope almost gone, he chanced to spy
Mabel coming with her muff.
"Ha, ha! a refuge here from Boreas rough—
A shelter found; I need not die."

His wings he spread and quick did fly
Into the pretty silk-lined muff ;
“Ah, this is warm, aye, warm enough
Next clasp-ed hands to snugly lie.”

But warmth made clear young mischief's head,
(For warm it was, and warmer grew,
Till Cupid, who, with cold was blue,
With heat turned rosy red.)

Thought he, p'raps Mabel tripping I may catch,
As plans and schemes went through his brain.
Said he, “I'll feel these hands again.”
“Ho, ho !” he cries, “her hands don't match.”

And true it was that both were *right*—
(Cupid 'tween the two had lain,
Till now he almost cried with pain)
The large one held the small so tight.

He wriggled hard, till cleared his bands,
And gladly left the sheltering muff.
Said he, "I'd rather brave old Boreas rough
Than burn in lover's clasp-ed hands "

ENVOI

And Mabel sweet, with tender swain,
With hands close clasped in silk-lined muff,
Where warm it was, just warm enough,
Strolled slow away down lover's lane.

SELENA

The quaint old-time name
Quite suits you, dear,
As do your great eyes,
Dangerous blue and clear.

No rush nor hurry doth
Your movement fret :
I think you'd dance right
Well the stately minuet.

In some old-fashioned garden
Sure you bloomed, sweet maid,
Walled in by fragrant hedge,
Shielded by odorous shade.

Companioned by heliotrope's rich perfume
And dainty mignonette's most subtle bloom,
And all the sweet old flowers that memory
 pictures clear—
Happy they, to bloom beside you, dear.

A SUMMER FANCY

In a hammock, swinging low,
Just across the way, you know,
Dainty gown of rosy pink,
Slippers Louis Quinze, I think,
Maddening mass of golden hair,
Rounded arm so white and fair,
Rose leaves scattered on the ground,
Rose-perfumed the air around.
And this picture 'neath the trees,
Gently swayed by boldest breeze,
In a hammock swinging low,
Is just across the way, you know.

From my window, bending low,
Longing glances do I throw
To where the trees bend branches fair—
Sure a hammock should swing there,

And the leaves in freshest green,
With sunlight touched to golden sheen
Rose leaves scattered on the ground,
Rose-perfumed the air around.
'Tis a picture, with the trees
Gently swaying in the breeze,
But there is no hammock low
Holding maiden fair, you know.

THE SONG OF THE WIND

What is the anthem the Northwind sings,
As the blossoming boughs it tosses and flings?
It is but a song of the ages ago ;
Blow where ye list, oh Northwind, blow.

The song of life from the death that seems,
The waking from sleep that hath no dreams,
As the green earth from the snow shroud o'er it
 thrown,
So shall the soul of man come to its own.

As the blossom that's locked for a time in the tree,
And the brook one time fettered now dashes free,
So the spirit, eternal life, surely will find,
And this is the promise that's sung by the wind.

FOOT NOTES

By Christmas fire, sit I dreaming,
Watching Mabel in its light ;
Brighter are her dark eyes gleaming,
Than the glowing anthracite.

Asks me now in voice caressing,
If I think to-morrow morn,
It would not be most distressing
To find her stocking all forlorn ?

Then my glance falls to the fender,
Where rest dainty slippered feet,
And my voice must needs grow tender,
As I say, "Oh ! maid most sweet,

Santa Claus may bring you treasure,
Rarest gems, or silks, or gold,
Naught as fine as now its measure,
Can your silken stocking hold."

TRUTH

'Tis a fancy quaint and olden,
Truth lies deep within a well ;
But honest hands its secret golden,
Can induce the deeps to tell.

List my fancy, not so olden,
Truth lies in my true love's eyes,
And lover's heart the secret golden
Can hear told in her sweet sighs.

WITH A PAIR OF GLOVES

Go, little glove, to her I love ;
To guard her hand thy task,
Oh were so sweet a duty mine,
No greater boon I'd ask.

With soft caress her fingers press,
But be not over bold,
And thus the hand I may but touch,
I'll by thy proxy, hold.

THE GOLDEN RULE

“ Sweetheart knowest the Golden Rule
Taught at school ?
So ! I give you kisses three,
That is just what seems to me
The Golden Rule.”

“ Thus I unto others do
(As done to you),
As I'd have them do to me ;
So you owe me kisses three
Is that true ? ”

But this saucy sweetheart, she
Laughs at me,
Says, "that's but the rule of three
As that rule was taught to me
When at school."

Leaning o'er my easy chair,
This maiden fair,
Gives me then of kisses four
And tells me "there are plenty more,"
That's her rule.

MY FLORIST'S BILL

A bill from my florist
Most woeful to see ;
A record of follies
Committed by me.

The items that stare
Seem to grin in wild glee,
And shout dollars and cents
In derision of me.

I sit and gaze sadly
At columns so long,
While through my brain madly,
Repentant thoughts throng.

There are baskets for Natalie,
Violets for Beebee,
And many an item
Of "one boutonniere?"

For "Mysteria" roses,
That cost a mad sum ;
To no one could roses
More fittingly come.

And then again, roses,
And roses once more,
I ordered them left
Each day at a door.

A door I gazed on
As the shrine of a saint—
So she was, behind footlights,
With powder and paint.

There are bunches of buds
For the sweet "debutantes,"
The price a man pays
For a possible dance.

Great creamy lilies
And a jar of palms, too,
Sent over to Boston
To sweet Cousin Prue.

And then every week
One virtue in record so drear,
Box of old-fashioned flowers
To "Madame ma mere."

I muse on the list of follies so many,
And vow by economy now to atone
For the dollars that sadly I'll pay on the morrow
For the one time fair flowers now faded and gone.

STAR GAZING

'Twas the very last crush of the season,
And gorgeous as such affairs are.
Majorie and I had wandered
To the lawn to look up at a star ;

At least Majorie gazed at the star,
And wondered just what it might be,
But I could only gaze on Majorie—
The brightest of all stars to me.

Then speaks the radiant beauty,
With dreamy eyes fixed afar—
I wonder, Jack, are there people
At all like us on that star ?

Are there girls who have waited a season,
With a dear, clumsy fellow near,
Just dying to have him "say something,"
And he just stupid with fear?

And then, however it happened
I never could clearly tell,
But certain it is I "said something,"
And into my arms there fell—

Not a star from the heaven above me,
But Majorie, gem without flaw,
As she whispers, "Do you know, Jack,
I really don't care a straw
For the very impossible people
Who would live away off in a star."

A SUMMER AFTERNOON

The hush of a listening silence
Is abroad in all the land,
The sun falling through the branches,
Strews gold upon either hand.

The brook is soft in its murmur,
As its tale of true love is told
To the daisies that nod 'gainst the grasses,
Soft robed in their white and gold.

The trout 'neath the bank's cool shadow,
So still in the crystal stream,
That he is scarce discovered
By the sun's most searching beam.

And the day as it creeps to its closing,
Drags slow its laggard feet,
As though it was saddened by leaving
A scene that is all so sweet.

BENEDICTINE

À votre santé, fair madame,
In Benedictine golden ;
It brings to mind the story told
Of saints in times so olden.

How weary, hungry, lonely, worn,
A monk lay, life near ended,
A sweet saint passing heard his cry,
And quick his wants attended.

“ Give me to drink,” the old monk moaned,
The saint reached grape hung vine ;
The sweet juice, forced in amber cup,
Produced the magic wine.

The sufferer quick the chalice drained,
New life his being thrilled ;
The saint departing left the cup,
With wine 'tis ever filled.

And so the Benedictines claim
This nectar Heaven descended,
'Tis liquid sunshine, perfumed rare,
All charms in it are blended.

À votre santé, fair madame,
In Benedictine golden ;
Its perfume rare, and your fair face,
Bring back the story olden.

ONLY ONE DAY

You gave me one of your days, dear heart,
All for my very own,
I remember your every gesture,
I treasure your every tone.

I can see you now as you sat, dear,
In the great oak easy chair,
While a zephyr I sorely envied,
Soft lifted a curl of your hair.

I remember all that you said then,
Your words so strong and true ;
I remember the room where we sat, dear,
But best I remember you.

It was but one of your days, dear heart,
Generous you gave it to me,
You cannot take it away now,
It is mine—a gift from thee.

It was but little to you, I know,
Only your kindly ways,
But it must last me through all the years,
That one short perfect day.

GOLDEN ROD

The glorious clusters of golden flower,
Nodding on slender stalks of green,
Marking the summer's sunset hour,
Lighting the shades with a tawny gleam.

Clothing the fields in a garment fair,
Bending in regal beauty fine ;
A golden sceptre, of fashion rare,
Modelled of gold from Flora's mine.

Rich with the color of sunset's glow,
Fairest flower that springs from the sod ;
Its fragrance out on the wind doth flow
Generous, beautiful Golden Rod.

NOWADAYS

She is a nowadays maiden,
And he a most commonplace swain ;
She, with her beads and her buckles,
He, with his bang and his cane.

She, a pretty New Yorker,
He, a Columbia man ;
Each struggling for social successes
As only a New Yorker can.

But they met, and they love, and are wedded
In a way just as true and as good
As if they were Darby and Joan,
And in old time simplicity wooed.

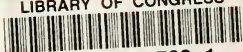
TO ———

Dear friend, thou art so true,
I'd fain my actions shape to be like you ;
If you may not be ever by my side,
Your spirit be my conscience and my guide.

A friend thou art who likest not my faults,
You'd have me wage 'gainst them most dead assaults,
I struggle on nor mind the pain and smart,
Less that right is right, than just to win thy heart.



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